



# THE WAY OF WAR

Sample file

MAKERS OF LEGEND  
VOLUME ONE

LIVING ROOM GAMES



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## INTRODUCTION





## ON THE COMPILATION OF THE MAKERS OF LEGEND

*King Varulus the Third is often quoted as saying, “The Heroes of Today are the Legends of Tomorrow,” and none are greater Heroes in Barsaive than Adepts. While the Great Library has sought to explore what it means to be an Adept and the nature of the Adept’s Way, it did so primarily through the eyes of a single representative of any given Discipline. With these volumes, the Makers of Legend series, the Great Library will seek to expand on the understanding of the most common Disciplines in Barsaive, as well as give some insight to Disciplines that are prominent in other lands. We have sought to perform this task by interviewing a number of different Adepts from each Discipline, or in some cases had the transcript of a Discipline’s training sent to us.*

*If but one thing is learned from this compilation, it should be this: while each Adept sees the world through the eyes of their Discipline, no two individual’s opinions on what it means to be of a Discipline will be exactly the same. Each Adept experiences their talents in a different way. Not only do a Warrior and a Weaponsmith have a different insight when using their common talent with melee weapons, two Warriors will also have differing views on their talents—though their views will likely be far more similar than a comparison between those of Adepts of different Disciplines. So vast are the possible differences in individuals’ interpretations of their Disciplines that one who studies the broadsword to the exclusion of all other weapons, and one who prefers to fight with staff, axe, or whatever other means of war they have at their disposal may both call themselves Swordmasters.*

*Although this series provides a variety of different viewpoints on what it means to be a particular type of Adept, it is by no means the final word on the issue. Indeed, it may only be little more than a prologue. Collected in these pages are the viewpoints of a handful of Adepts. But just as thousands of Adepts are in Barsaive, likewise there are thousands of opinions on what it means to follow a Discipline.*

*- Thom Edrull, 1513TH*







## CHAPTER 1 ARCHERS



## THE BEAUTIFUL ARC OF ARCHERY

*The subject of this entry was in need of some biographical reflection. Her many years of service and heroism have earned her words the right to be respected.*

— Thom Edrull

### FINDING MY ARC

The discovery of Adepthood takes different forms for each Name-giver. My path may be typical, or it may be unusual, depending on who you are and where you are from. Now, to me, it does seem inevitable. My life went from nearly aimless to extremely precise. From mysterious to clear, cutting through the distractions and confusion until I reached the target. I became an Archer.

### THE PULL OF THE STRING

I discovered my talent for Archery through hunting. My birthplace, like many others, was not a city or major kaer, so we had to supply food for ourselves. My father made me a simple bow to use to help on the hunt when I was old enough. I learned quickly and was soon a better shot than my older brothers. One day, while out in distant woods, we encountered another hunter, or at least he appeared to be. There was something odd about him; his eyes seemed to see everything moving about him and his feet always moved him in the right direction.

He said his name was Gerron and he traveled across the region. We shared the hunt that day, and I sensed a kindred spirit, but could not explain why or how. We had never met before and his family was not from the area. Still, there was something about him I could not ignore. He never wandered or looked lost, even when we came to a crossroads or an obviously untraveled area.

*It's most interesting that we're not told this Archer's Name. Edrull suggests she is a hero of the realm, but perhaps her deeds are those best left to the shadows.*

— Neldrim of Vivane

### THE AIM

The next season, Gerron and I met again. I was alone this time, having a strange urge to track some difficult prey across some rough terrain, both for the challenge and to get away from the village for a time. I came upon him, or he came upon me, at a crossroads where I had lost the trail.

We talked. He had also felt a need to go out and find something, but he was not sure what. Now, I know he was lying, at least in part. Now, I know he was there to find me, but at the time I could not see that. We Archers are rare liars. False words do not have good arcs.

*While Archers may be straightforward, don't think they never lie. Ask anyone who's dealt with Collin Blackarrow.*

— Bemetra Hempa

We spent the day talking and searching. Somewhere along our journey he asked me to take a shot at a small bird on a far off branch. When I asked him why I should waste an arrow on such a task, he nodded and answered that he simply wanted to see if I had

gotten any better since the last time he had seen me. Sensing my objection, or perhaps never intending for me to shoot an innocent bird, he selected an abandoned nest on another tree.

My youth and pride perhaps got the better of me then, so I took the shot, my arrow cutting the small nest in half and sailing on to the next tree. He nodded and said "Good Shot." I then wanted him to make a difficult shot. I picked out a dangling leaf from the end of a distant branch. Perhaps he was just humoring me, but he calmly aimed and made the shot, the arrow piercing the leaf, taking it off the branch, both flying on for several more yards until it struck the ground.

Then something quite extraordinary happened. I complimented Gerron on his shot, and he smiled, snapped his fingers, and the arrow flew back to him! I'd never seen that before. When I asked him how he did that, he simply said he was an Archer. I knew then that I wished to be an Archer as well.

### THE RELEASE, THE SHOT

I spent the next year with him, in a blur of training: thinking, meditating, traveling, and even occasionally, some shooting. That may sound odd, but Gerron was a methodical teacher and did not see much point in having his apprentice loose an arrow into the air if she did not know exactly what she was doing. Judging by some of the bowmen I see out in the world, I wish there were more like Gerron teaching.

*Low key and arrogant. Quite a combination.*

— Pertoria Block

We worked in the mountains, forests, fields, cities, and towns. I was alone at times and with him at others. The pursuit of a target was as important as the shot. The terrain itself could be an obstacle to arc over or around. An Archer must be able to find his mark anywhere.

Gerron showed me many things: how to see, how to run, how to track, how to move, how to make and care for a bow and crossbow, how to aim, how to see the true target, and how to make every shot count.

And I do mean show, for that is how he taught. I had to become aware of the path to excellence for each of these. I had his guidance of course, but we each must show that we are worthy of our tools and training. I had to reason and discover the answers to his questions myself; he helped little at first and even less as time went on. Our path finds us as much as we find it. Gerron was able to help unlock the knowledge and wisdom of the Way of Archery in me, and, in turn, I was able to connect to the Way. He set me on the arc but I had to ride it to the end.

*The way she speaks of Gerron, I wonder if he was more than just a mentor.*

— Berabus T'lon

He used to say, "Aim with your eye, aim with your hand, and aim with your heart, and you will never miss."

*Her last words are Truth, no matter the delivery.*

— Jarren Swiftwind

